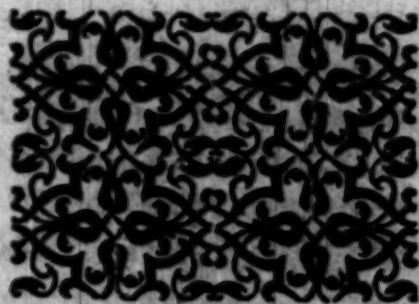


[4]

A N
A P O L O G I E
for Poetrie.

Written by the right noble, vertu-
ous, and learned, Sir Phillip
Sidney, Knight.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.



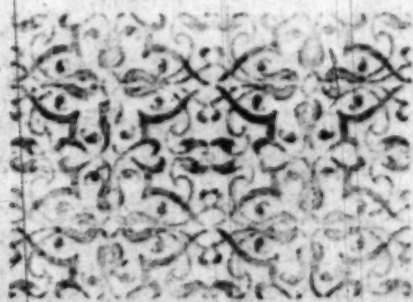
AT LONDON,
Printed for Henry Olney, and are to be sold at
his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the George, neere to Cheap-gate.

Anno, 1595.

APOLLO for Poetrie.

Written by the right noble, vertuous,
and learned, Sir Philip
Sidney, Knight.

As professed by the
author.



AT LONDON,
Printed for Henry Olney, and are to be sold at
his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe
of the George, nere to Chapp-gate.

Anno, 1592.

Foure Sonnets written by *Henrie*
Constable to Sir *Phillip Sidney's* soule.

Give pardon (blessed Soule) to my bold cryes
If they (importund), interrupt thy song,
Which nowe with ioyfull notes thou sing'st, among
The Angel-Quiristers of heau'nly skyes:

Giue pardon eake (sweet Soule) to my flow cries,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the teares that vnto thee belong,
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice:

I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feele the grieve I did susteine,
" The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
" Astonishment takes from vs sence of paine.

I stood amaz'd when others teares begun,
And now begin to weepe, when they haue doone.

Sweet Soule, which now with heau'nly songs doost tel
Thy deare Redemers glory, and his prayle,
No meruaile though thy skilfull Muse, assayes
The songs of other soules there to excell:

For thou didst learne to sing diuinely well,
Long time before thy fayre, and glittering rayes
Encreas'd the light of heau'n, for euen thy layes
Most heauenly were, when thou on earth didst dwell:

When thou didst on the earth sing Poet-wise,
Angels in heau'n pray'd for thy company,
And now thou sing'st with Angels in the skies,
Shall not all Poets praise thy memory?

And to thy name shall not their works giue fame,
When as their works be sweetned by thy name?

Great

E Ven as when great mens heires cannot agree :
So eu'ry vertue now for part of thee doth sue,
Courage prooues by thy death thy hart to be his due,
Eloquence claimes thy tongue, and so doth courtely,
Inuention knowledge sues, Iudgment sues memory,
Each saith thy head is his, and what end shall ensue
Of this strife know I not, but this I know for true,
That whosoeuer gains the sute, the losse haue wee,
Wee, (I meane all the world) the losse to all pertaineth,
Yea they which gaine doe loose, and onely thy soule gaineth,
For loosing of one life, two liues are gained then :
Honor thy courage moud, courage thy death did giue,
Death, courage, honor, makes thy soule to liue,
Thy soule to liue in heau'n, thy name in tongues of men.

G Reat *Alexander* then did well declare
How great was his vniued Kingdomes might,
When eu'ry Captaine of his Army might
After his death with mighty Kings compare :
So now we see after thy death, how far
Thou dost in worth surpasse each other Knight,
When we admi're him as no mortall wight,
In whom the best of all thy vertues are,
One did of *Macedon* the King become,
Another sat in the *Egyptian* throne,
But onely *Alexanders* selfe had all :
So courteous some, and some be liberall,
Some witty, wise, valliaunt, and learned some,
But King of all the vertues thou alone.

Henry Constable.

To the Reader.

TH E stormie Winter (deere Chyl-
dren of the Muses, which hath so long
held backe the glorious Sun-shine of
diuine Poesie, is heere by the sacred pen-
breathing words of diuine Sir *Phillip Sidney*,
not onely chased from our faine-in-
uiting Clyme, but vtterly for euer banish-
ed eternitie: then graciously regret the per-
petuall spring of euer-growing inuentions,
and like kinde Babes, either enabled by wit
or power, help to support me poore Mid-
wife, whose daring aduenture, hath deliue-
red frō Obliuions wombe, this euer-to-be-
admired wits miracle. Those great ones,
who in theselues haue interr'd this blessed
innocent, wil with *Aesculapius* cōdemne me
as a detractor frō their Deities: those who
Prophet-like haue but heard presage of his
cōming, wil (if they wil doe wel) not onely
defend, but praise mee as the first publique
bewrayer of Poesies *Miseries*. Those who
neither haue scene, thereby to interre, nor
heard,

To the Reader.

heard, by which they might be inflamed
with desire to see, let them (of duty) plead
to be my Champions, sith both theyr sight
and hearing, by mine incurring blame is
seasoned. Excellent Poesie, (so created by
this Apologie,) be thou my Defendresse;
and if any wound mee, let thy beautie (my
soules Adamant) rectre mee: if anie com-
mend mine endeavored hardiment, to them
commend thy most diuine fury as a win-
ged incouragement; so shalt thou haue
devoted to thee, and to them obliged

Henry Olney.

Faults escaped, thus corrected.

D. 3. pag. 1. line. 12. for fruitlesse, read fruitfull.

D. 3. pag. 2. line. 23. for madlesse, read madnes.

E. 1. pag. 1. line. 18. for marke, read mark's.

E. 1. pag. 2. line. 6. for *Canids*, read *Canalis*.

E. 4. pag. 1. line. 21. for humiane, read humane.

F. 1. pag. 2. line. 4. betwene *Poetas*, and *reputata* put in &

L. 4. pag. 2. line. 20. for *amabls*, read *amabls*, and for *discre*, read
dicere.



An Apologie for P O E T R I E.

WHen the right vertuous
Edward Votton, & I, were
at the Emperors Court to-
gether, we gaue our selues
to learne horsemanship of
John Pietra Pugliano: one
that with great commenda-
tion had the place of an Esquire in his stable. And
hee, according to the fertines of the Italian wit,
did not onely afoord vs the demonstration of his
practise, but sought to enrich our mindes with
the contemplations therein, which hee thought
most precious. But with none I remember mine
eares were at any time more loden, then when
(eithersangred with slowe payment, or mooued
with our learner-like admiration,) he exercised
his speech in the prayse of his facultie. Hee sayd,
Souldiours were the noblest estate of mankinde,
and

AN APOLOGIE

and horsemen, the noblest of Souldiours. Hee sayde, they were the Maisters of warre, and ornaments of peace: speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in Camps & Courts. Nay, to so vnbeleued a poynt hee proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horseman. Skill of gouernment, was but a Pedanteria in comparison: the would hee adde certaine prayses, by telling what a peerlesse beast a horse was. The onely seruiceable Courtier without flattery, the beast of most beutie, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not beene a peece of a Logician before I came to him, I think he would haue perswaded mee to haue wished my selfe a horse. But thus much at least with his no few words hee draue into me, that selfe-loue is better then any guilding to make that seeme gorgeous, wherein our selues are parties. VVherin, if *Pugliano* his strong affection and weake arguments will not satisfie you, I wil giue you a neerer example of my selfe, who (I knowe not by what mischance) in these my not old yeres & ideleft times, hating slipt into the title of a Poet, am prouoked to say something vnto you in the defence of that my vnelected vocation, which if I handle with more good will then good reasons, beare with me, sith the scholler is to be pardoned that foloweth the steppes of his Maister. And yet I must say, that as I haue iust cause to make a pittiful defence of poore Poetry,

FOR POETRIE.

etry, which from almost the highest estimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing stocke of children. So haue I need to bring some more auaileable proofes: sith the former is by no man barred of his deserued credite, the silly latter hath had euen the names of Philosophers vsed to the defacing of it, with great danger of ciuill war among the Muses. And first, truly to al the that professing learning inueigh against Poetry, may iustly be objected, that they goe very neer to vngratfulnes, to seek to deface that, which in the noblest nations & languages that are knowne, hath been the first light-giuer to ignorance, and first Nurse, whose milk by little & little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges: & will they now play the Hedghog, that being receiued into the den, draue out his host? or rather the Vipers, that with theyr birth kill their Parents? Let learned Greece in any of her manifold Sciences, be able to shew me one booke, before *Musæus*, *Homer*, & *Hesiodus*, all three nothing els but Poets. Nay, let any historie be brought, that can say any VVriters were there before the, if they were not men of the same skil, as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and some other are named: who hauing beene the first of that Country, that made pens deliuerers of their knowledge to their posterity, may iustly challenge to bee called their Fathers in learning: for not only in time they had this priority (although in it self antiquity be venerable,) but went before

A N A P O L O G I E

them, as causes to drawe with their charming sweetnes, the wild vntamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was sayde to moue stones with his Poetrie, to build *Thebes*. And *Orpheus* to be listened to by beastes, indeed, stony and beastly people. So among the Romans were *Liuius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*. So in the Italian language, the first that made it aspire to be a Treasure-house of Science, were the Poets *Dante*, *Boccace*, and *Petrarch*: So in our English were *Gower* and *Chawcer*.

After whom, encouraged and delighted with theyr excellent fore-going, others haue followed, to beautifie our mother tongue, as wel in the same kinde as in other Arts. This did so notably shewe it selfe, that the Phylosophers of Greece, durst not a long time appeare to the worlde but vnder the masks of Poets. So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, sange their naturall Philosophie in verses: so did *Pythagoras* and *Phocilides* their morral counsells: so did *Tirteus* in war matters, & *Solon* in matters of policie: or rather, they beeing Poets, dyd exercise their delightful vaine in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hid to the world. For that wise *Solon* was directly a Poet, it is manifest, hauing written in verse, the notable fable of the Atlantick Iland, which was continued by *Plato*.

And truely, euen *Plato*, whosoever well considereth, shall find, that in the body of his work,
though

FOUR OROBERT MEA

though the inside & strength were Philosophy, the skinned as it were & beautified, depended most of Poetrie: for all standeth upon Dialogues, wherein he faired many honest Burgeesses of Aethens to speake of such matters, that if they had been set on the racke, they would neuer have confessed them. Besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacie of a walke, with enterlacing meeresides, as *Giger Ring*, and others, which who knoweth not to be flowers of Poetrie, did neuer walke into *Apollons Garden*.

And euen Historiographers, (although theyr lippes founde of things doone, & reticke written in the yfere-heads,) haue beene glad to borrow both fashion, and perchaunce weight of Poets. So *Heredotus* entituled his Historie, by the name of the nine Muses: and both he and all the rest that followed him; either stole or vsurped in Poetrie, their passionate describing of passion, the many particularities of battailes, which no man could affirme: or if that be denied me, long Orations put in the mouthes of great Kings and Captaines, which it is certaine they neuer pronounced. So that truly, neither Philosopher nor Historiographer, coulde at the first haue entered into the gates of popular iudgements, if they had not taken a great passport of Poetrie, which in all Nations at this day wher learning flourisheth not, is plaine to be seene: in all which they haue

AN APOLOGIE

some feeling of Poetry. In Turkey, besides their lawe-giuing Diuines, they haue no other VVriters but Poets. In our neighbour Countrey Ireland, where truelie learning goeth very bare, yet are theyr Poets held in a deuoute reuerence. Euen among the most barbarous and simple Indians where no writing is, yet haue they their Poets, who make and sing songs which they call *A-reyos*, both of theyr Auncestors deedes, & praises of theyr Gods. A sufficient probabilitie, that if euer learning come among the, it must be by hauing theyr hard dull wits softned and sharpened with the sweete delights of Poetrie. For vntill they find a pleasure in the exercises of the minde, great promises of much knowledge, will little perswade them, that knowe not the fruites of knowledge. In VVales, the true remnant of the auncient Brittons, as there are good authorities to shewe the long time they had Poets, which they called *Bardes*: so thorough all the conquests of Romaines, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seeke to ruine all memory of learning from among them, yet doo their Poets euen to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in loone beginning then in long continuing. But since the Authors of most of our Sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greekes, let vs a little stand vppon their authorities, but euen so farre as to see, what names they haue giuen vnto this now scorned skill.

Among

FOR POETRYE.

Among the Romans a Poet was called *Sortes*, which is as much as a Diviner, Fore-seer, or Prophet, as by his conioyned wordes *Vaticinium* & *Vaticinari*, is manifest: so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow vpon this hart-ravishing knowledge. And so farre were they carried in to the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chaunceable hitting vpon any such verses, great fore-tokens of their following fortunes were placed. VVhereupon grew the worde of *Sortes Virgiliane*, when by suddaine opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted vpon any verse of his making, whereof the histories of the Emperors liues are full: as of *Albinus* the Governour of our Iland, who in his childe-hood met with this verse, *Arma amens capio nec fati rationis in armis*. And in his age performed it, which although it were a very vaine, and godles superstition, as also it was to think that spirits were commanded by such verses, whereupon this word charmes deriued of *Carmine* commeth, so yet scruth it to shew the great reuerence those wits were helde in. And altogether not without ground, since both the Oracles of *Delpha* and *Sibilla* prophecies, were wholly deliuered in verses. For that same exquisite obseruing of number and measure in words, and that high flying libetty of conceit proper to the Poet, did seeme to haue somedyuine force in it.

And

And may now I presume a little further, to shew
 the reasonableness of this word *metre*. And say
 that the holy *Dauids* Psalmes are a diuine Poem.
 If I doo, I shall not do it without the testimonie
 of great learned men, both auncient & moderne:
 but euen the name Psalmes will speake for mee,
 which being interpreted, is nothing but songes.
 Then that it is fully written in meeter, as all lear-
 ned Hebricallians agree, although the rules be not
 yet fully found. Lastly & principally, his hand-
 ling his prophesie, which is meerey poetical. For
 what els is the awaking his musically instruments?
 The often and free changing of persons? His no-
 table *Prosopopeias*, where he maketh you as it were,
 see God comming in his Maiestie. His telling of
 the Beasts ioyfulness, and hills leaping, but a hea-
 uenly poesie: wherein almost he sheweth him-
 selfe a passionate louer, of that vspeakable and
 everlasting beautie to be seene by the eyes of the
 minde, onely cleered by fayth. But truly nowe
 having named him, I feare mee I seeme to pro-
 phane that holy name, applying it to Poetrie,
 which is among vs throwne downe to so ridicu-
 lous an estimation: but they that with quiet
 iudgements will looke a little deeper into it, shall
 finde the end and working of it such, as being
 rightly applyed, deserveth not to bee scourged
 out of the Church of God.

But now, let vs see how the Greekes named
 it, and howe they deemed of it. The Greekes
 called

FOR POETRIE.

called him a Poet, which name, hath as the most excellent, gone thorough other Languages. It cometh of this word *Poiein*, which is, to make: wherein I know not, whether by lucke or wisdom, wee Englishmen haue mette with the Greekes, in calling him a maker: which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were knowne by marking the scope of other Sciences, then by my partiall allegation:

There is no Arte deliuered to mankinde, that hath not the workes of Nature for his principall obiekt, without which they could not consist, & on which they so depend, as they become Actors and Players as it were, of what Nature will haue set forth. So doth the Astronomer looke vpon the starres, and by that hee seeth, setteth downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doe the Geometrician, & Arithmetician, in their diuerse sorts of quantities: So doth the Musitian in times, & you which by nature agree, which not. The naturall Philosopher thereon hath his name, and the Morrall Philosopher standeth vpon the naturall vertues, vices, and passions of man; and followe Nature (saith hee) therein, & thou shalt not erre. The Lawyer sayth what men haue determined. The Historian what men haue done: The Grammarian speaketh onely of the rules of speech, and the Rethorician, and Logitian, considering what in Nature will soonest proue and perswade, thereon giue artificial rules, which still

AN APOLOGIE

are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The Philition waigheth the nature of a mans bodie, and the nature of things helpful, or hurtefull vnto it. And the Metaphisick, though it be in the seconde and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernaturall: yet doth hee indeede builde vpon the depth of Nature: onely the Poet, disdayning to be tied to any such subiection, listed vp with the vigor of his owne inuention, dooth growe in effect, another nature, in making things either better then Nature bringeth forth, or quite a newe formes such as neuer were in Nature, as the *Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies*, & such like: so as hee goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging onely within the Zodiack of his owne wit.

Nature neuer set forth the earth in so rich tapistry, as diuers Poets haue done, neither with pleasant riuers, fruitfull trees, sweet smelling flowers: nor whatsoeuer els may make the too much loued earth more louely. Her world is brasen, the Poets only deliuer a golden: but let those things alone and goe to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her vtermost cunning is imployed, and knowe whether free haue brought forth so true a louer as *Theagines*, so constant a friende as *Pilades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a Prince as *Xenophons Cyrus*: To
excel-

FOR POETRIE.

excellent a man euery way, as *Virgils Aeneas*: neither let this be iestingly conceined, because the works of the one be essentiall: the other, in imitation or fiction: for any vnderstanding knoweth the skil of the Artificer, standeth in that *Idea* or fore-conceite of the work, & not in the work it selfe. And that the Poet hath that *Idea*, is manifest, by deliuering them forth in such excellencie as hee hath imagined them. VVhich deliuering forth also, is not wholie imaginatiue, as we are wont to say by them that build Castles in the ayre: but so farre substantially it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*, which had been but a particular excellencie, as Nature might haue done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* vpon the worlde, to make many *Cyrus's*, if they wil learne aright, why, and how that Maker made him.

Neyther let it be deemed too lawcie a comparison to ballance the highest poynt of mans wit with the efficacie of Nature: but rather giue right honor to the heauenly Maker of that maker: who hauing made man to his owne likenes, set him beyond & ouer all the workes of that second nature, which in nothing hee sheweth so much as in Poetrie: when with the force of a diuine breath, he bringeth things forth far surpassing her dooings, with no small argument to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*: sith our erected wit, maketh vs know what perfection is, and yet our infected will, keepeth vs

AN APOLOGIE

from reaching vnto it. But these arguments will by fewe be vnderstood, and by fewer granted. Thus much (I hope) will be giuen me, that the Greekes with some probabilitie of reason, gaue him the name aboue all names of learning. Now let vs goe to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be more palpable: and so I hope, though we get not so vnmached a praise as the Etimologie of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will denie, shall not iustly be barred from a principall commendation.

Poesie therefore is an arte of imitation, for so *Aristotle* termeth it in this word *Mimesis*, that is to say, a representing, counterfetting, or figuring forth: to speake metaphorically, a speaking picture: with this end, to teach and delight; of this haue beene three seuerall kindes. The chiefe both in antiquitie & excellencie, were they that did imitate the inconceiuable excellencies of GOD. Such were, *Dauid* in his Psalmes, *Salomon* in his song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes, and Prouerbs: *Moses* and *Debra* in theyr Hymnes, and the writer of *Iob*; which beside other, the learned *Emanuel Tremelius*, & *Franciscus Lantini*, doe entitle the poeticall part of the Scripture. Against these none will speake that hath the holie Ghost in due holy reuerence.

In this kinde, though in a full wrong diuinitie, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his hymnes) and

FOR POETRIE.

and many other, both Greekes and Romaines :
 and this Poetrie must be used, by whosoever will
 follow *S. Iames* his counsell, in singing Psalmes
 when they are merry : and I knowe is used with
 the fruite of comfort by some, when in sorrow
 full pangs of their death-bringing sinnes, they
 find the consolation of the neuer-fading good-
 nesse. The second kinde, is of them that deale with
 matters Philosophicall, eyther morall, as *Tertu-
 lianus*, *Phocildes*, and *Cato*, or naturall, as *Lucretius*,
 and *Virgils Georgicks* : or Astronomical, as *Mela-
 nilus*, & *Pontanus* : or historical, as *Lucan* : which
 who mislike, the fault is in their iudgement
 quite out of taste, and not in the sweet soyle of
 sweetly vnderstand knowledge. But because this
 second sort is wrapped within the folde of the
 proposed subiect, and takes not the course of his
 owne inuention, whether they properly be Poets
 or no, let Gramarians dispute, and go on to the
 thyrde, indeed right Poets, of whom chiefly this
 question ariseth, betwixt whom, & these second
 is such a kinde of difference, as betwixt the ma-
 ior sort of Painters, (which do interpret only such
 faces as are sette before them) and the greater ex-
 cellent : who hauing no law but wit, bestow that
 in colours vpon you which is fittest for the eye
 to see : as the constant, though lamenting looke
 of *Lucio*, when she punished in her selfe on
 her fault.

AN APOLOGIE

VVherein he painteth not *Lucretia* whom he
 neuer sawe, but painteth the outwarde beauty of
 such a vertue: for these third be they which most
 properly do imitate to teach and delight, and to
 imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been;
 or shall be: but range onely rayned with learned
 discretion, into the diuine consideration of what
 may be, and should be. These bee they, that as
 the first and most noble sorte, may iustly bee ter-
 med *Fates*; for these are waited on in the excellenst
 languages and best vnderstandings; with the fore
 described name of Poets: for these indeede doe
 meeerely make to imitate: and imitate both to de-
 light & teach; and delight to moue men to take
 that goodnes in hande; which without delight
 they would flye as from a stranger. And teach, to
 make them know that goodnes whereunto they
 are moued, which being the noblest scope to
 which euer any learning was directed; yet want
 there not idle tongues to barke at them. These
 be subdiuided into sundry more speciall denomina-
 tions. The most notable bee the *Heroick*, *Li-
 rick*, *Tragick*, *Comick*, *Satirick*, *Iambick*, *Elegi-
 ack*, *Pastorall*, and oother, others. Some of
 these being defined (according to the matter they
 deal with, some by the sort of verses they liked
 best to write in; for indeede the greatest part of
 Poets haue appoynted their poeticall inuentions
 in that innumeros kinde of writing which is cal-
 led verse: indeed but appoynted, verse being but

FOR POETRIE

an Ornament and no cause to Poetry: for there
 haue beene many most excellent Poets, that ne-
 ver versified, and nowe Iwarne many versifiers
 that neede neuer answer to the name of Poets.
 For *Xenophon*, who did imitate so excellently, as
 to giue vs *effigiem iusti imperij*, the portraiture of
 a iust Empire vnder the name of *Cyrus*, (as *Cicero*
 sayth of him) made therein an absolute heroitall
 Poem. So did *Heliodorus* in his sugred intencion of
 that picture of loue in *Theagenes* and *Cariclea*,
 and yet both these writ in Prose: which I speak
 to shew, that it is not riming and versing that ma-
 keth a Poet, no more then a long gowne maketh
 an Advocate: wherethrough he pleaded in armes
 should be an Advocate and no Souldier. But it
 is that sayning notable images of vertues, vices, or
 what els, with that delightfull teaching which
 must be the right describing note to know a Poet
 by: although indeed the Senate of Poets hath
 chosen verse as their fittest rayment, meaning, as
 in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to goe
 beyond them: not speaking (table talke fashion,
 or like men in a dreame,) words as they chance-
 ably fall from the mouth, but peyzing each syllable
 of each worde by iust proportion according
 to the dignitie of the subiect. Nowe therefore it shall not bee amisse first to
 weigh this latter sort of Poetrie by his works; Be
 then by his partes; and is in neyther of these of a
 natomics

AN APOLOGIE

natomies hee be condemnable, I hope wee shall
 obtaine a more fauourable sentence. This purifi-
 ing of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling
 of iudgment, and enlarging of conceyt, which
 commonly we call learning, vnder what name soe-
 uer it com forth, or to what immediat end soeuer
 it be directed, the final end is, to lead & draw vs to
 as high a perfection, as our degenerate soules
 made worle by theyr clayey lodgings, can be ca-
 pable of. This according to the inclination of the
 man, bred many formed impressions, for some
 that thought this felicity principally to be gotten
 by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high
 and heauenly, as acquaintance with the starres,
 gaue themselves to Astronomie; others, perswa-
 ding themselves to be *Demi-gods* if they knewe
 the causes of things, became naturall and super-
 naturall Philosophers, some an admirable delight
 doer to Musick, and some, the certainty of
 demonstration, to the Mathematickes. But all,
 one, and other, hauing this scope to knowe, and
 by knowledge to lift vp the mind from the dun-
 geon of the body, to the enjoying his owne di-
 uine essence. But when by the ballance of expe-
 rience it was found, that the Astronomer look-
 ing to the starres might fall into a ditch, that the
 enquiring Philosopher might be blinde in him-
 selfe, and the Mathematician might draw forth
 a straight line with a crooked harte: then hee, did
 prooue the ouerturner of opinions, make manifest,
2511010101
that

FOR POETRIE.

that all these are but serving Sciences, which as they haue each a priuate end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistres Knowledge, by the Greekes called *Arkitekt-tonike*, which stands, (as I thinke) in the knowledge of a mans selfe, in the Ethicke and politick consideration, with the end of well dooing and not of well knowing onely; even as the Sadlers next end is to make a good saddle: but his farther end, to serue a nobler facultie, which is horsemanship, so the horsemans to souldiery, and the Souldier not onely to haue the skill, but to performe the practise of a Souldier: so that the ending end of all earthly learning, being vertuous action, those skilles that most serue to bring forth that, haue a most iust title to bee Princes ouer all the rest: wherein if wee can shewe the Poets noblenes, by setting him before his other Competitors, among whom as principall challengers step forth the morrall Philosophers, whom me thinketh, I see comming towards mee with a fullen grauity, as though they could not abide vice by day light, rudely clothed for to witnes outwardly their cōtempt of outward things, with bookes in their hands agaynst glory, whereto they sette theyr names, sophistically speaking against subtilty, and angry with any man in whom they see the foule fault of anger; these men casting larges as they goe, of Definitions, Diuisions, and Distinctions, with a scornefull interrogatiue, doe soberly

D.

AN APOLOGIE

berly aske, whether it bee possible to finde any path, so ready to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is? and teacheth it not onely by deliuering forth his very being, his causes, and effects: but also, by making known his enemie vice, which must be destroyed, and his combersome seruant Passion, which must be maistered, by shewing the generalities that containeth it, and the specialities that are deriued from it. Lastly, by playne setting downe, how it extendeth it selfe out of the limits of a mans own little world, to the gouernment of families, and maintayning of publique societies.

The Historian, scarcely giueth leysure to the Moralist, to say so much, but that he loden with old Mousse-eaten records, authorising himselfe (for the most part) vpon other histories, whose greatest authorities, are built vpon the notable foundation of Heare-say, hauing much a-doe to accord differing VVriters, and to pick truth out of partiality, better acquainted with a thousande yeeres agoe, then with the present age: and yet better knowing how this world goeth, the how his owne wit runneth; curious for antiquities, and inquisitiue of nouelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a tyrant in table talke, denieth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue, and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Lux vite, Temporum magistra, Vita memoria, Nuncia vetustatis. &c.*

The

FOR POETRIE.

The Philosopher (sayth hee) teacheth a disputative vertue, but I doe an active : his vertue is excellent in the dangerlesse Academie of *Plato*, but mine sheweth forth her honorable face, in the battailes of *Marathon*, *Pharsalia*, *Poitiers*, and *Agincourt*. Hee teacheth vertue by certaine abstract considerations, but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that haue gone before you. Olde-aged experience, goeth beyond the fine-witted Philosopher, but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the Song-booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute : and if hee be the guide, I am the light.

Then, would hee alledge you innumerable examples, conferring storie by storie, how much the wisest Senatours and Princes, haue beene directed by the credite of history, as *Bru-tus*, *Alphonfus* of *Aragon*, and who not, it neede bee? At length, the long lyne of theyr disputation maketh a poynt in thys, that the one giueth the precept, and the other the example.

Nowe, whom shall wee finde (with the question standeth for the highest forme in the Schoole of learning,) to bee Moderator? True, as mee seemeth, the Poet, and if not a Moderator, even the man that ought to carrie the title from them both, and much more from all other serving Sciences. Therefore compare we the Poet with the Historian, and with the Moral Philosopher, and, if hee goe beyond them

AN APOLOGIE

both, no other humaine skill can match him. For as for the Diuine, with all reuerence it is euer to be excepted, not only for hauing his scope as far beyonde any of these, as eternitie exceedeth a moment, but euen for passing each of these in themselves,

And for the Lawyer, though *Ius* bee the Daughter of Iustice, and Iustice the chiefe of Vertues, yet because hee seeketh to make men good, rather *Formidine pane*, then *Virtutis amore*, or to say righter, dooth not indeuour to make men good, but that their euill hurt not others: hauing no care so hee be a good Cittizen, how bad a man he be. Therefore, as our wickednesse maketh him necessarie, & necessitie maketh him honorable, so is hee not in the deepest truth to stande in rancke with these; who all indeuour to take naughtines away, and plant goodnesse euen in the secretest cabinet of our soules. And these foure are all, that any way deale in that consideration of mens manners, which beeing the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it, deserue the best commendation.

The Philosopher therefore and the Historian, are they which would win the gale: the one by preecept, the other by example. But both not hauing both, doe both halte. For the Philosopher, setting downe with thorny argument the bare rule, is so hard of vtterance, and so mistie to be conceiued, that one that hath no other guide but him,

FOR POETRIE.

him, shall wade in him till hee be olde, before he shall finde sufficient cause to bee honest: for his knowledge standeth so vpon the abstract and generall, that happie is that man who may vnderstande him, and more happie, that can applye what hee dooth vnderstand.

On the other side, the Historian wanting the precept, is so tyed, not to what shoulde bee, but to what is, to the particuler truth of things, and not to the generall reason of things; that his example draweth no necessary consequence; and therefore a lesse fruitelesse doctrine.

Nowe dooth the peerelesse Poet performe both: for whatsoeuer the Philosopher sayth shoulde be doone, hee giueth a perfect picture of it in some one, by whom hee presupposeth it was doone. So as hee coupleth the generall notion with the particuler example. A perfect picture I say, for hee yeeldeth to the powers of the minde, an image of that whereof the Philosopher bestoweth but a wordly description: which dooth neyther strike, pierce, nor possesse the sight of the soule, so much as that other dooth.

For as in outward things, to a man that had neuer seene an Elephant or a Rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all theyr shapcs, cullour bignesse, and peticular markes, or of a gorgeous Pallace, the Architecturc, with declaring the full beauties, might well make the hea-

AN APOLOGIE

not able to repeat as it were by rote, all hee had
 heard, yet should neuer satisfie his inward con-
 ceits, with being witnes to it selfe of a true lively
 knowledge: but the same man, as soone as hee
 might see these beasts well painted, or the house
 well in model, should straightwaies grow with-
 out need of any description, to a iudiciall cōpre-
 hending of them, so no doubt the Philosopher
 with his learned definition, bee it of vertue, vi-
 ces, matters of publick policie, or priuat govern-
 ment, replenisheth the memory with many in-
 fallible grounds of wisdom: which notwithstanding,
 lye darke before the imaginative and iudg-
 ing powre, till they be not illuminated or figured
 forth by the speaking picture of Poets blor-
 dy. *Tullius* taketh much paynes and many times not
 without poeticall helpes, to make vs knowe the
 force & use of our Countrey hath in vs. Let vs
 but heare old *Aeschylus* speaking in the midst of
Troies flames, or see *Virgill* in the fulnes of all
Eneas delights, bewaile his absence from bar-
 rane and beggeth *Ithaca*. Anger the *Stricks* say,
 was a shott made ofle, let but *Sophocles* bring you
Ajax on a stage, killing and whipping *Sheepe* &
 extend thinking of might. Army of *Greeks*, with
 their *Chieftaines* *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*,
 and tell me if you have not a more familiar in-
 sight into anger, then finding in the Schoolemen
 his *Greek* and dissection. Shew him her wisdom
 and temperance in *Ulysses* and *Dionides* a yoke in
Achilles,

FOR POETRIE.

Achilles, friendship in *Nisus*, and *Eurialus*, euen to an ignoraunt man, carry not an apparent shyning: and contrarily, the remorse of conscience in *Oedipus*, the soone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*, the selfe-deuouring crueltie in his Father *Atræus*, the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers, the sowre-sweetnes of reuenge in *Medea*, and to fall lower, the *Terentian* *Gnato*, and our *Chaucers* *Pandar*, so exprest, that we now vse their names to signifie their trades. And finally, all vertues, vices, and passions, so in their own naturall seates layd to the viewe, that wee seeme not to heare of them, but cleerely to see through them. But euen in the most excellent determination of goodnes, what Philosophers counsell can so redily direct a Prince, as the fayned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*? or a vertuous man in all fortunes, as *Aeneas* in *Virgill*? or a whole Common-wealth, as the way of *Sir Thomas* *Mores* *Europia*? I say the way, because where *Sir Thomas* *Mores* *Europia* is, it was the fault of the man and not of the Poet, for that way of patterning a Common-wealth was most absolute, though hee perchance hath not so absolutely perfourmed it: for the question is, whether the fayned image of Poetrie, or the regular instruction of Philosophy, hath the more force in teaching: wherein if the Philosophers haue more rightly shewed themselves Philosophers, then the Poets haue obtained to the high top of their profession, as in truth,

Medio-

AN APOLOGIE

*Mediocribus esse poetis, ut
Non Di, non homines, non concessere Columnæ*

It is I say againe, not the fault of the Art, but that by fewe men that Arte can bee accomplished.

Certainly, euen our Sauour Christ could as well haue giuen, the morrall common places of vncharitablenes and humblenes, as the diuine narration of *Dives* and *Lazarus*: or of disobedience and mercy, as that heavenly discourse of the lost Child and the gracious Father; but that hys through-searching wisdom, knewe the estate of *Dives* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* being in *Abraham* bosome, would more constantly (as it were,) inhabit both the memory and iudgment. Truly, for my selfe, mee seemes I see before my eyes the lost Childe disdainefull prodigality, turned to enuie a Swines dinner: which by the learned Diuines, are thought not historicall acts, but instructing Parables. For conclusion, I say the Philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned onely can vnderstande him: that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught, but the Poet is the foode for the tenderest stomacks, the Poet is indeed the right Popular Philosopher, whereof *Esops* tales giue good prooffe: whose pretty Allegories, stealing vnder the formall tales of Beastes, make many, more beastly then Beasts, begin to heare the sound of vertue from these dumbe speakers.

But

FOR POETRIE.

But now may it be alledged, that if this imagining of matters be so fitte for the imagination, then must the Historian needs surpasse, who bringeth you images of true matters, such as indeede were doone, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to haue been doone. Truly *Aristotle* himselfe in his discourse of Poetrie, plainly determineth this question, saying, that Poetry is *Philosophoteron*, and *Spondaioteron*, that is to say, it is more Philosophicall, and more studiously serious, thē history. His reason is, because Poetrie dealeth with *Katholon*, that is to say, with the vniuersall consideration; and the history with *Kathekaston*, the perticuler; nowe sayth he, the vniuersall wayes what is fit to bee sayd or done, cyther in likelihood or necessity, (which the Poetrie cōsidereth in his imposed names,) & the perticuler, onely marke, whether *Alcibiades* did, or suffered, this or that. [Thus saith *Aristotle*: which reason of his, (as all his) is most full of reason. For indeed, if the question were whether it were better to haue a perticular acte truly or falsly set down: there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more thē whether you had rather haue *Vespasians* picture right as hee was, or at the Painters pleasure nothing resembling. But if the question be for your owne vse & learning, whether it be better to haue it set downe as it should be, or as it was: then certainly is more doctrinable the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon* then the true

E.

Cyrus

AN APOLOGIE

Cyrus in *Iustine*: and the fayned *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, then the right *Aeneas* in *Dares Phrygius*.

As to a Lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a Painter should more benefite her to portraite a most sweet face, wryting *Canidia* vpon it, then to paynt *Canidia* as she was, who *Horace* sweareth, was foule and ill fauoured.

If the Poet doe his part a-right, he will shew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned. In *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Vlisses*, each thing to be followed; where the Historian, bound to tell things as things were, cannot be liberall (without hee will be poetically) of a perfect patterne: but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himselfe, shew dooings, some to be liked, some to be misliked. And then how will you discern what to followe but by your owne discretion, which you had without reading *Quintus Curtius*? And whereas a man may say, though in vniuersall consideration of doctrine the Poet preuaileth; yet that the historie, in his saying such a thing was doone, doth warrant a man more in that hee shall follow.

The aunswere is manifest, that if hee stande vpon that was; as if hee should argue, because it rayned yesterday, therefore it shoulde rayne to day, then indeede it hath some aduantage to a grosse conceite: but if hee know an example onlie, informes a coniectured likelihood, & so goe by

FOR POETRIE.

by reason, the Poet dooth so farre exceede him, as hee is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable: be it in warlike, politick, or priuate matters; where the Historian in his bare *VVas*, hath many times that which wee call fortune, to ouer-rule the best wisdome. Manie times, he must tell euent, whereof he can yeelde no cause: or if hee doe, it must be poeticall; for that a fayned example, hath asmuch force to teach, as a true example: (for as for to mooue, it is cleere, sith the fayned may bee tuned to the highest key of passion,) let vs take one example, wherein a Poet and a Historian doe concur.

Herodotus and *Iustine* do both testifie, that *Zopyrus*, King *Darius* faithfull seruauant, seeing his Maister long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, fayned himselfe in extreame disgrace of his King: for verifying of which, he caused his own nose and eares to be cut off: and so flying to the *Babylonians*, was receiued: and for his knowne valour, so far credited, that hee did finde meanes to deliuer them ouer to *Darius*. Much like matter doth *Linie* record of *Tarquinius* and his sonne. *Xenophon* excellently faineth such another stratageme, performed by *Abradates* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I fayne know, if occasion bee presented vnto you, to serue your Prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you doe not as well learne it of *Xenophons* fiction, as of the others verity: and truely so much the better, as you shall

AN APOLOGIE

saue your nose by the bargain: for *Abradates* did not counterfet so far. So then the best of the Historian, is subiect to the Poet; for whatsoever action, or faction, whatsoever counsell, pollicy, or warre stratagem, the Historian is bound to recite, that may the Poet (if he list) with his imitation make his own; beautifying it both for further teaching, and more delighting, as it pleaseth him: hauing all, from *Dante* his heauen, to hys hell, vnder the authoritie of his penne. VVhich if I be asked what Poets haue done so, as I might well name some, yet say I, and say againe, I speak of the Arte, and not of the Artificer.

Nowe, to that which commonly is attributed to the prayse of histories, in respect of the notable learning is gotten by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted, and vice punished. Truely that commendation is peculiar to Poetrie, and farre off from History. For indeede Poetrie euer setteth vertue so out in her best cullours, making Fortune her wel-waiting hand-mayd, that one must needs be enamored of her. VVell may you see *Vlisses* in a storme, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience & magnanimitie, to make them shine the more in the neere-following prosperitie. And of the contrarie part, if euill men come to the stage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedie VVriter answered, to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so mahaedled, as they little animate

FOR POETRIE.

mate folkes to followe them. But the Historian, beeing captiued to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror frō well dooing, and an encouragement to vnbrideled wickednes.

For, see wee not valiant *Milciades* rot in his fetters? The iust *Phocion*, and the accomplished *Socrates*, put to death like Traytors? The cruell *Seuerus* liue prosperously? The excellent *Seuerus* miserably murthered? *Sylla* and *Marius* dying in theyr beddes? *Pompey* and *Cicero* slaine then, when they would haue thought exile a happinesse?

See wee not vertuous *Cato* driuen to kyll himselfe? and rebell *Cesar* so aduanced, that his name yet after 1600. yēeres, lasteth in the highest honor? And marke but euen *Casars* own words of the fore-named *Sylla*, (who in that onely did honestly, to put downe his dishonest tyrannie,) *Literas nesciuit*, as if want of learning caused him to doe well. Hee meant it not by Poetrie, which not content with earthly plagues, deuiseeth new punishments in hel for Tyrants: nor yet by Philosophie, which teacheth *Occidendos esse*, but no doubt by skill in Historie; for that indeede can affoord you *Cipselus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionysius*, and I know not how many more of the same kennell, that speede well enough in theyr abominable vniustice or ysurpation. I conclude therefore, that hee excelleth Historie, not onely in furnishing the minde with knowledge, but in

AN APOLOGIE

setting it forward, to that which deserueth to be called and accounted good : which setting forward, and moouing to well dooing, indeed setteth the Lawrell crowne vpon the Poet as victorious, not onely of the Historian, but ouer the Phylosopher : howsoeuer in teaching it may bee questionable.

For suppose it be granted, (that which I suppose with great reason may be denied,) that the Philosopher in respect of his methodical proceeding, doth teach more perfectly then the Poet : yet do I thinke, that no man is so much *Philosophos*, as to compare the Philosopher in moouing, with the Poet.

And that moouing is of a higher degree then teaching, it may by this appeare : that it is wel nigh the cause and the effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if hee bee not mooued with desire to be taught ? and what so much good doth that teaching bring forth, (I speak still of morrall doctrine) as that it mooueth one to doe that which it dooth teach ? for as *Aristotle* sayth, it is not *Gnosis*, but *Praxis* must be the fruit. And howe *Praxis* cannot be, without being mooued to practise, it is no hard matter to consider.

The Philosopher sheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnes of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall haue when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may diuert you
from

FOR POETRIE.

from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulnes. VVhich constant desire, whosoever hath in him, hath already past halfe the hardnes of the way, and therefore is beholding to the Philosopher but for the other halfe. Nay truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastred passion, as that the minde hath a free desire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it selfe, is as good as a Philosophers booke; seeing in nature we know it is well, to doe well, and what is well, and what is euill, although not in the words of Arte, which Philosophers bestowe vpon vs. For out of naturall conceit, the Philosophers drew it, but to be moued to doe that which wee know, or to be moued with desire to knowe, *Hoc opus: Hic labor est.*

Nowe therein of all Sciences, (I speak still of humiane, & according to the humiane conceits) is our Poet the Monarch. For he dooth not only show the way, but giueth so sweete a prospect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it. Nay, he dooth as if your journey should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first giue you a cluster of Grapes: that full of that taste, you may long to passe further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubt-

AN APOLOGIE

doubtfulnesse: but hee commeth to you with words set in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchanting skill of Mulicke; and with a tale forsooth he commeth vnto you: with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. And pretending no more, doth intende the winning of the mind from wickednesse to vertue: even as the childe is often brought to take most wholsom things, by hiding them in such other as haue a pleasant tast: which if one should beginne to tell them, the nature of *Aloes*, or *Rubarb* they shoulde receiue, would sooner take their Phisicke at their eares, then at their mouth. So is it in men, (most of which are childish in the best things, till they bee cradled in their graues,) glad they will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, and *Aeneas*: and hearing them, must needs heare the right description of wisdom, valure, and iustice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say, Philosophically set out, they would sweare they bee brought to schoole againe. W. B. 1600

That imitation whereof Poetry is, hath the most conueniency to Nature of al other, in so much, that as *Aristotle* sayth, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruell battailes, vnnaturall Monsters, are made in poetickall imitation delightfull. Truly, I haue knowen men, that euen with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, (which God

knoweth

FOR POETRIE.

knoweth wanteth much, of a perfect Poetie) haue found their harts mooued to the exercise of courtesie, liberalitie, and especially courage.

VVho readeth *Aeneas* carrying olde *Anchises* on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perforce so excellent an acte? VVhom doe not the words of *Turnus* mooue? (the tale of *Turnus*, having planted his image in the imagination,

*Fugientem hac terra videbit,
vsque adeone mori miserum est?*

VVhere the Philosophers, as they scorne to delight, so must they bee content little to mooue: sauing wrangling, whether Vertue bee the chiefe, or the onely good: whether the contemplatiue, or the actiue life doe excell: which *Plato* and *Boetius* well knew, and therefore made Mistres Philosophy, very often borrow the masking rayment of Poetrie. For euen those hardhearted euill men, who thinke vertue a schoole name, and knowe no other good, but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the Philosopher, and feele not the inward reason they stand vpon; yet will be content to be delighted: which is al, the good fellow Poet seemeth to promise: and so steale to see the forme of goodnes (which seene they cannot but loue,) ere themselves be aware, as if they tooke a medicine of Cherries. Infinite proofes of the strange effects of this poetickall inuention might

AN APOLOGIE

be alledged, onely two shall serue, which are so often remembered, as I thinke all men knowe them.

The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who when the whole people of Rome had resolutely deuided themselves from the Senate, with apparant shew of viter ruine: though hee were (for that time) an excellent Oratour, came not among them, vpon trust of figuratiue speeches, or cunning insinuations: and much lesse, with farre fet *Maximes* of Philosophie, which (especially if they were *Platonick*,) they must haue learned Geometrie before they could well haue conceiued: but forsooth he behaues himselfe, like a homely, and familiar Poet. Hee telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracie against the belly, which they thought deuoured the fruits of each others labour: they concluded they would let so vnprofitable a spender stand. In the end, to be short, (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale,) with punishing the belly, they plagued themselves. This applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I neuer read, that euer words brought forth but then, so suddaine & so good an alteration: for vpon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconcilment ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holie *David* had so far forsaken God, as to confirme adulterie with murder: when hee was to doe the condempn

rest

FOR POETRIE.

rest office of a friende; in laying his owne shame before his eyes, sent by God to call againe so chosen a seruant: how doth he it? but by telling of a man, whose beloued Lambe was vngratefullie taken from his bosome: the applycation most diuinely true, but the discourse it selfe, fayned: which made *Dauid*, (I speake of the second and instrumentall cause,) as in a glasse, to see his own filthines, as that heauenly Psalm of mercie wel testifieth.

By these therefore examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest, that the Poet with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually, then any other Arte dooth, and so a conclusion not unfitlie ensueth: that as vertue is the most excellent resting place for all worldlie learning to make his end of: so Poetrie, beeing the most familiar to teach it, and most princelie to moue towards it, in the most excellent work, is the most excellent workman. But I am content, not onely to descipher him by his workes, (although works in commendation or dispraise, must euer holde an high authority,) but more narrowly will examine his parts: so that (as in a man) though altogether may carry a presence full of maiestie & beautie, perchance in some one defectious peece, we may find a blemish: now in his parts, kindes, or *Species*, (as you list to terme the) it is to be noted, that some Poesies haue coupled together two or three kindes, as Tragicall

AN APOLOGIE

and Comickall, wher-vpon is risen, the Tragi-comickall. Some in the like manner haue mingled Prose and Verse, as *Sanazzar* and *Boetius*. Some haue mingled matters Heroicall & Pastorall. But that commeth all to one in this question, for if seuered they be good, the confusion cannot be hurtfull. Therefore perchaunce forgetting some, & leauing some as needlesse to be remembered, it shall not be amisse in a worde to cite the speciall kindes, to see what faults may be found in the right vse of them.

Is it then the Pastorall Poem which is misliked? (for perchance, where the hedge is lowest, they will soonest leape ouer.) Is the poore pype disdained, which sometime out of *Melibea*'s mouth, can shewe the miserie of people, vnder hard Lords, or rauening Souldiours? And again, by *Titirus*, what blessednes is deriued to them that lye lowest from the goodnesse of them that sit highest? Sometimes, vnder the prettie tales of *VVolves* and *Sheepe*, can include the whole considerations of wrong dooing and patience. Sometimes shew, that contention for trifles, can get but a trifling victorie. *VV*here perchance a man may see, that euen *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they straued who should be Cocke of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they got, was, that the after-liuers may say,

Hæc meministi vltimum frustra contendere Thyrsum.
Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.

Or

FOR ORATORIE.

Or is it the lamenting Elegiack, which in a kinde hart would moue rather pittie the blame, who bewailes with the great Philosopher *Heraclitus*, the weakenes of man-kind, and the wretchednes of the world: who surely is to be prayed, either for compassionate accompanying iust causes of lamentation, or for rightly paynting out how weake be the passions of wofulnesse. Is it the bitter, but wholsome Iambick, which rubs the galled minde, in making shame the trumpet of villanie, with bolde & open crying out against naughtines? Or the Satirick, who *Omne uaser vitium, ridens tangit amico*, *Who* sportingly neuer leaueth, until hee make a man laugh at folly, and at length ashamed, to laugh at himselfe: which he cannot auoyd, without auoyding the follie. *Who* while *Circum puer cordis liliis*, *giddeth vs to feeble*, howe many head-aches a passionate life bringeth vs to. How wretched all is done, *Est vlabris animus si nos non deficit equus*. No, perchance it is the Comick, whom naughtie Play-makers and Stage-keepers, haue iustly made odious. To the argument of abuse, I will answer after. Onely thus much now is to be said, that the Comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth, in the most ridiculous & scornefull sort that may be: so as it is impossible, that any beholder can be content to be such a one.

AN APPOLOGIE

Now, as in Geometry, the oblique must be knowne as well as the right: and in Arithmetick, the odd as well as the even, so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthines of euil, wanteth a great foote to perceiue the beauty of vertue. This doth the Comedy handle so in our priuate & domestical matters, as with hearing it, we get as it were an experience, what is to be looked for of a nigardly *Demus*: of a crafty *Darius*: of a flattering *Pharos*: of a vainglorious *Alfresca*: and not onely to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the Comedian. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learne chill by seeing it so set out as it was, I sayd before, there is no man liuing, but by the force it hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth the in *Alfresca* although perchance the sack of his owne faults, lye so behinde his back, that he seeth not himselfe gaunted the same measure: whereto, yet nothing can more open his eyes, then to finde his owne actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right vse of Comedy will (I thinke) by nobody be blamed, and much lesse of the high and excellent Tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth the Vicers, that are couered with Tissue: that maketh Kings feard to be Tyrants, and Tyrants manifest their tyrannicall humors: that with stirring the affects of admiration and commiseration,

FOR POETRIE.

on; teacheth, the vncertainety of this world; and
 vpon howe weak foundations gilded robes
 are builded. That maketh vs knowe, *Quis sceptrum flexu, duro imperio regit, bellumq;*
timet timentes, metus ubi timor emittit. But how much it can moue, *Plutarch* yeeldeth
 a notable testimonie of the abominable Tyrant,
Alexander the great; from whose eyes a Tra-
 gedy wel made, and represented, drew abundance
 of teares. Who withoute all pitty, had mur-
 dered infinite numbers, and some of his owne
 blood. So as he, that was not ashamed to make
 matters for Tragedies, yet could not resist the
 sweet violence of a Tragedie. And if it wrought no further good in him, it
 was, that he in despite of himselfe, withdrew
 himselfe from harkening to that, which might
 mollifie his hardened hart. But it is not the Tra-
 gedy they doe mislike: For it were too absurd
 to cast out so excellent a representation of what
 soeuer is most worthy to be learned: Is it the Li-
 ricke that most displeaseth, who with his tuned
 Lyre, and wel accorded voyce, giueth praise, the
 reward of vertue, to vertuous acts: who giues
 morall precepts, and naturall Problemes, who
 sometimes rayseth vp his voyce to the height of
 the heauens, in singing the laudes of the immor-
 tall God: Certainly I must confesse my own bar-
 barousnes; I neuer heard the olde song of *Percy*
 and *Douglas*, that I found not my heart moued
 more

AN APOLOGIE

more then with a Trumpet: and yet is it sung
 but by some blinde Cboulder, with no rougher
 voyce, then rude stile: which being so euill ap-
 parelled in the dust and cobwebbes of that vnci-
 uill age, what would it worke trymmed in the
 gorgeous eloquence of *Pindar*? In *Hungary* I
 haue scene it the manner at all Feasts, and other
 such meetings, to haue songes of their Aunce-
 stours valour; which that right Souldier-like
 Nation thinke the chiefest kindlers of braue cou-
 rage. The incomparable *Lacedemonians*, did not
 only carry that kinde of Musicke euer with them
 to the field, but euen at home, as such songes were
 made, so were they all content to bee the singers
 of them, when the lusty men were to tell what
 they dyd, the olde men, what they had done, &
 the young men what they wold doe. And where
 a man may say, that *Pindar* many times prayseth
 highly victories of small moment, matters rather
 of sport then vertue: as it may be answered, it
 was the fault of the Poet, and not of the Poetry;
 so indeede, the chiefe fault was in the tyme and
 custome of the Greekes, who set those toyes at
 so high a price, that *Phillip* of *Macedon* reckoned
 a horse-race wonne at *Olimpus*, among hys three
 fearefull felicities. But as the vnimitable *Pindar*
 often did, so is that kinde most capable and most
 fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idle-
 nes, to embrace honorable enterprises.

There rests the Heroicall, whose very name

FOR POETRIE.

(I thinke) should daunt all back-biters; for by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speake euill of that, which draweth with it, no lesse Champions then *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Turnus*, *Tidus*, and *Rinaldo*: who doth not onely teach and moue to a truth, but teacheth and mooueth to the most high and excellent truth. VVho maketh magnanimity and iustice shine, throughout all misty fearefulness and foggy desires. VVho, if the saying of *Plato* and *Tullie* bee true, that who could see *Virtue*, would be wonderfully rai- shed with the loue of her beauty: this man lets her out to make her more louely in her holyday apparell, to the eye of any that will daine, not to disdain, vntill they vnderstand. But if any thing be already sayd in the defence of sweete Poetry, all concurrcth to the maintaining the Heroicall, which is not onely a kinde, but the best, and most accomplished kinde of Poetry. For as the image of each action styrreth and instructeth the mind, so the loftie image of such VVorthies, most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informes with counsel how to be worthy. Only let *Aeneas* be worne in the tablet of your memo- ry, how he gouerneth himselfe in the ruine of his Country, in the preserving his old Father, & car- rying away his religious ceremonies: in obeying the Gods commandement to leaue *Dido*, though not onely all passionate kindenes, but even the humane consideration of vertuous gratefulnes,

AN APOLOGIE

would haue crated other of him. How in storms,
howe in sports, howe in warre, howe in peate,
how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besiedged,
how besiedging, howe to strangers, howe to al-
lyes, how to enemies, howe to his owne: lastly,
how in his inward selfe, and how in his outward
gouernment. And I thinke, in a minde not pre-
iudiced with a preiudicating humor, hee will be
found in excellencie fruitfull: yea, euen as *Ho-*
rate sayth,

Melius Chrysippe et Crantore

But truly I imagine, it falleth out with these
Poet-whippers, as with some good women,
who often at sick, but in sayth they cannot
where. So the name of Poetrie is tedious to the,
but neither his cause, nor effects, neither the sum
that containes him, nor the particularities de-
scending from him, giue any fast handle to their
carping disprayle.

Sith then Poetrie is of all humane learning
the most auient, & of most fabenly antiquitie,
as fro whence other learnings haue taken theyr
beginnings: sith it is so vniuersall, that no lear-
ned Nation dooth despise it, nor no barbarous
Nation is without it: sith both Roman & Greek
gaue diuine names vnto it: the one of prophe-
cyng, the other of making. And what indged,
that name of making is fit for him; considering
that whereas other Arts retaine themselves within
in their subject, and receiue as it were, their bud

blow

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FOR POETRY.

ing from it: the Poet onely bringeth his owne
 stuffe, and dooth not learne conceite out of a
 matter, but maketh matter for a conceite: Sith
 neither his description, nor his end, contayneth
 any euill, the thing described cannot be euill: Sith
 his effects be so good as to teach goodnes and to
 delight the learners: Sith therin, (namely in mor-
 rall doctrine, the chiefe of all knowledges,) hee
 dooth not onely farre passe the Historian, but for
 instructing, is well nigh comparable to the Phi-
 losopher; & for mouing, leaues him behind him:
 Sith the holy scripture (wherein there is no vn-
 cleannes) hath whole parts in it poetically. And
 therefore our Saviour Christ, vouchsafed to vse
 the flowers of it: Sith all his kindes are not on-
 ly in their vnited formes, but in their severed dis-
 sections fully commendable, I thinke, (& thinke I
 thinke rightly,) the Lawrell crowne appointed
 for triumphing Captaines, doth worthilie (of al
 other learnings) honour the Poets triumph. But
 because wee haue eares as well as tongues, and
 that the lightest reasons that may be, will seeme
 to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the coun-
 ter-balance: let vs heare, and as well as wee can
 ponder, what objections may bee made against
 this Arte, which may be worthy, eyther of ree-
 ding, or answering: thus blow I: and you reply
 First truly I note, not onely in these My-
 steries, Poet-haters; but in all that kinde of poe-
 ple, who seek a prayse by dispraising others, that
 ol

A. N. APOLOGIE

they doe prodigally spend a great many wandering wordes, in quips, and scoffes; carping and taunting at each thing, which by styrring the Spleene, may stay the braine from a through beholding the worthines of the subiect.

Those kinde of obiections, as they are full of very idle easines, sith there is nothing of so sacred a maiestie, but that an itching tongue may rubbe it selfe vpon it: so deserue they no other answer, but in steed of laughing at the iest, to laugh at the iester. VVee know a playing wit, can prayse the discretion of an Asse; the comfortablenes of being in debt, and the iolly commoditie of beeing sick of the plague. So of the contrary side, if we will turne *Ouids* verse,

Vt lateat virtus, proximitate mali,

that good lye hid in neerenesse of the euill: *Agrippa* will be as merry in shewing the vanitie of Science, as *Erasmus* was in commending of follic. Neyther shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smyling raylers. But for *Erasmus* and *Agrippa*, they had another foundation then the superficial part would promise. Many these other pleasant Fault-finders, who wil correct the Verbe, before they vnderstand the Noun, and confute others knowledge before they confirme theyr owne: I would haue them onely remember, that scoffing commeth not of wisdom. So as the best title in true English they gette with their merriments, is to be called good fooles: for

FOR POETRIE.

so haue our graue Fore-fathers euer termed that humorous kinde of iesters : but that which gyueth greatest scope to their scorning humors, is ryming and versing. It is already sayde, (and as I think, trulie sayde,) it is not ryming and versing, that maketh Poetrie. One may bee a Poet without versing, and a versifyer without Poetry. But yet, presuppose it were inseparable (as indeede it seemeth *Scaliger* iudgeth,) trulie it were an inseparable cōmendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, bee the greatest gyft bestowed vpon mortalitie : that can not be praiselesse, which dooth most pollish that blessing of speech, which considers each word, not only (as a man may say) by his forcible qualitie, but by his best measured quantitie, carrying euen in themselves, a Harmonie : (without (perchaunce) Number, Measure, Order, Proportion, be in our time growne odious.) But lay aside the iust prayse it hath, by being the onely fit speech for Musick, (Musick I say, the most diuine striker of the senses :) thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading bee foolish, without remembring, memorie being the onely repository of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory, are likewise most conuenient for knowledge.

Now, that Verse farre exceeds Poetie in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reason is manifest. The words, (besides theyr delight which hath

great affinitie to memory, being so set, as one word cannot be lost, but the whole worke faileth: which accuseth it selfe, calleth the remembrance backe to it selfe, and for most strongly confirmeth it; besides, one word so as it were begetting another, as be it in ryme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a neere gesse to the follower: lastly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memory, haue shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine room divided into many places well and thoroughly knowne. Now, that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his naturall seate, which seate must needes make the word remembred. But what needeth more in a thing so knowne to all men? who is it that ever was a scholar, that doth not carry away some verses of *Virgill*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth he learned, and euen to his old age for a kind of heavenly lessons? but the fitness of hath for memory is doubtly proved by all discipline of Arts: wherein for the most part, from Grammar, to Logick, Mathematicke, Physicke, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away, are compiled in verse, and so that verse being in it selfe sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, of such a handle of knowledge, it must be in iest that any man can speake against it. But what though we see the most important impositions laid on the poor persons, for ought I can yet learne, they are these, first, that there being

FOR POETRYE.

many other more frainelesse knowledges, & how
 might better spend his ymagination, then in this.
 Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly,
 that it is the Nurse of abuse, infecting vs with
 many pestilent desires; with a Sygne sweetnes,
 drawing the mind to the Serpents tayle of sinfull
 fantasy. And herein especially, Comedies giue
 the largest field to erre, as *Claudian* sayd, howe
 both in other Nations and in ours, before Poets
 did soften vs, we were full of courage, giued to
 martiall exercises, the pillars of manly liberty,
 & not lulled to sleepe in staid idleness with Poes
 pastimes. And lastly, and chiefly, they cry out
 with an open mouth, that they had our *Stoic* *Phil*
osophy, & that *Plato* beareth witness to one of his
 is more true, & more, than any other, but he is
 the bearded counsellor, his brother is the
 many might better spend his ymagination, is a
 deede: but it doth (as they say) but *the* *comedy*
piece: for it be as if a man should say, I
 for good, and have which is our best and most
 vertues, and that none can both teach and haue
 there, so much as Poetry, which is the most
 manifest, that *Archie* and *Philo* can be
 a more profitable purpose in play, & than in
 tainly, though a man should graunt that all
 fictions, it should followe (as the *philosophers*
 willingly, that god is not good, because of
 his beards. But I, first and chiefly, say, that
 there is no good of earth, any more, & no full
 know-

AN APOLOGIE

knowledge. To the second therefore, that they should be the principall liars; I answer: paradoxically, but truly; I thinke truly; that of all VVriters vnder the sunne, the Poet is the least lier: and though he would, as a Poet can scarcely be a lyer, the Astronomer, with his cosen the Geometrician, can hardly escape, when they take vpon them to measure the height of the starres. How often, thinke you, doe the Phisitians lye, when they aſſure things, good for sickniesses, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of soules drownd in a potion before they come to his Ferry: And no lesse of the rest, which take vpon them to affirm. Now, for the Poet, he nothing affirms; and therefore neuer lyeth. For, as I take it, to lye, is to affirme that to be true which is false. So as the other Artists, and especially the Historian, affirming many things, can in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lyes. But the Poet as (I sayd) before, neuer affirmeth. The Poet neuer maketh any circles about your imagination, to conuince you to beleue for true what he writes. Hee citeth not authorities of other Histories, but euen for his enty, calleth the syſtete Muses to inspire into him a good intencion: in troth, not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but what should or should not be: and therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because hee telleth them not know-
for

FOR POETRIE.

for true, he lyeth not, without we will say, that *Nathan* lyed in his speech, before alledged to *David*. VVhich as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I, none so simple would say, that *Esope* lyed in the tales of his beasts: for who thinks that *Esope* writ it for actually true, were well worthy to haue his name cronicled among the beastes hee writeth of.

VVhat childe is there, that cōming to a Play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great Letters vpon an olde doore, doth belecue that it is *Thebes*? If then, a man can ariue, at that childes age, to know that the Poets persons and doings, are but pictures what should be, and not stories what haue beene, they will neuer giue the lye, to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically, and figuratiuelie written. And therefore, as in Historie, looking for trueth, they goe away full fraught with falsehood: so in Poetrie, looking for fiction, they shal vse the narration, but as an imaginative ground-plot of a profitable inuention.

But heereto is replied, that the Poets gyue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceite of an actuall truth, and so, not beeing true, prooues a falsehood. And doth the Lawyer lye then, when vnder the names of *Iohn a stile*, and *Iohn a noakes*, hee puts his case? But that is easily answered. Theyr naming of men, is but to make theyr picture the more liuely, and not to builde any historie: paynting men, they cannot
H. leaue

AN APOLOGIE

leauē men namelesse. VVe see we cannot play at Chesse, but that wee must giue names to our Chesse-men; and yet mee thinks, hee were a very partiall Champion of truth, that would say we lyed, for giuing a peece of wood, the reuerend title of a Bishop. The Poet nameth *Cyrus* or *Aeneas*, no other way, then to shewe, what men of theyr fames, fortunes, and estates, should doe.

Their third is, howe much it abuseth mens wit, trayning it to wanton sinfulness, and lustfull loue: for indeed that is the principall, if not the onely abuse I can heare alledged. They say, the Comedies rather teach, then reprehend, amorous conceits. They say, the Lirick, is larded with passionate Sonnets. The Elegiack, weepes the want of his Mistresse. And that euen to the Heroical, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climed. Alas Loue, I would, thou couldest as well defende thy selfe, as thou canst offende others. I would those, off whom thou doost attend, could eyther put thee away, or yelde good reason, why they keepe thee. But grant loue of beautie, to be a beastlie fault, (although it be very hard, sith onely man, and no beast, hath that gyft, to discern beauty.) Grant, that louely name of Loue, to desene all hatefull reproches: (although euen some of my Maisters the Phylosophers, spent a good deale of theyr Lamp-oyle, in setting forth the excellencie of it.) Grant, I say, what soeuer they wil haue granted; that not onely loue, but lust, but vanitie,

FOR POETRIE.

nitie, but, (if they list) scurrilitie, possesseth many leaues of the Poets bookes: yet thinke I, when this is granted, they will finde, theyr sentence may with good manners, put the last words foremost: and not say, that Poetrie abuseth mans wit, but that, mans wit abuseth Poetrie.

For I will not denie, but that mans wit may make Poesie, (which should be *Eikastike*, which some learned haue defined, figuring foorth good things,) to bee *Phantastike*: which doth contrariwise, infect the fancie with vnworthy obiects. As the Painter, that shoulde giue to the eye, eyther some excellent perspective, or some fine picture, fit for building or fortification: or contayning in it some notable example, as *Abraham*, sacrificing his Sonne *Isaack*, *Iudith* killing *Holofernes*, *Dauid* fighting with *Goliath*, may leaue those, and please an ill-pleased eye, with wanton shewes of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing, make the right vse odious? Nay truely, though I yeeld, that Poesie may not onely be abused, but that beeing abused, by the reason of his sweete charming force, it can doe more hurt then any other Armie of words: yet shall it be so far from concluding, that the abuse, should giue reproch to the abused, that contrariwise it is a good reason, that whatsoeuer being abused, dooth most harme, beeing rightly vsed (and vpon the right vse each thing conceineth his title,) doth most good.

AN APOLOGIE

Doe wee not see the skill of Phisick, (the best rampire to our often-assaulted bodies,) beeing abused, teach poyson the most violent destroyer? Dooth not knowledge of Law, whose end is, to euen and right all things being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible iniuries? Dooth not (to goe to the highest) Gods word abused, breed heresie? and his Name abused, become blasphemie? Truly, a needle cannot doe much hurt, and as truly, (with leaue of Ladies be it spoken) it cannot doe much good. VVith a sword, thou maist kill thy Father, & with a sword thou maist defende thy Prince and Country. So that, as in their calling Poets the Fathers of lyes, they say nothing: so in this theyr argument of abuse, they prooue the commendation.

They alledge heere-with, that before Poets beganne to be in price, our Nation, hath set their harts delight vpon action, and not vpon imagination: rather doing things worthy to bee written, then writing things fitte to be done. VVhat that before tyme was, I thinke scarcely *Sphinx* can tell: Sith no memory is so auncient, that hath the precedence of Poetrie. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homelines, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without Poetrie. Mary, thys argument, though it bee leaueld against Poetrie, yet is it indeed, a chaine-shot against all learning, or bookishnes, as they commonly tearme it. Of such minde were certaine *Gathes*, of whom it is written,

FOR POETRIE

written, that hauing in the spoile of a famous Citie, taken a fayre librarie; one hangman (bee like fitte to execute the fruites of their wits,) who had murdered a great number of bodies, would haue set fire on it: no sayde another, very grauely, take heede what you doe, for while they are busie about these toyes, wee shall with more certainty conquer their Countries.

This indeede is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many wordes sometymes I haue heard spent in it; but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as Poetrie; or rather, all learning but Poetry: because it were too large a digression, to handle, or at least, too superfluous (such it is manifest, that all gouernment of action, is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges; which is, reading,) I onely with *Heraclitus*, to him that is of that opinion, *Tubeo stultum esse libenter* or mid ditty for as for Poetrie in selfe, it is the freest from this obiection. For Poetrie is: the companion of Campes.

I dare vndertake, *Orlando Furioso*, or honest King *Arthur*, will neuer displease a Souldier: but the quiddity of *Æneis*, and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corslet: and therefore, as I said in the beginning, euen Turks and Tartares are delighted with Poets. *Never a Greek*, florished, before Greece florished. And if to a slight

AN APOLOGIE

conclusion, a conjecture may be opposed: truly it may seeme, that as by him, their learned men; so by almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men, received their first motions of courage. On *Alexanders* example may serue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that Fortune was not his guide, but his foote-stoole: whose acts speake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeede, the Phoenix of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoolemaister, living *Aristotle*, behinde him, but tooke deade *Homer* with him: he put the Philosopher *Calisthenes* to death, for his seeming philosophicall, indeed malicious stubbornnes. But the chiefe thing he euer was heard too gill for, was, that *Homer* had beene alive. He well found, he received more brauerie of minde, by the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the definition of Fortitude: and therefore, if *Cato* misliked *Fulvius*, for carrying *Ennius* with him to the fildes, it may be answered, that if *Cato* misliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it, or els he had not doone it: for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticensis*, (whose authority I would much more haue requierced,) but it was the former: in truth, (as becom) punisher of faults, but els, a man that had neuer yet sacrificed to the Graces. Hee misliked and dyed out vpon all Greeke learning, and yet being 80. yeeres olde, began to learne it. Beelike, seeing that *Pluto* would steepe not Latines indeede, which *Romane* lawes allowed, no per-

FOR POETRYE

son to be carried to the warres, but hee that was
in the Souldiers role: and therefore, though *Cato*
misliked his vnmustered person, hee misliked
not his worke. And if hee had, *Scipio Nasica*
iudged by common consent, the best Romaine,
loued him. Both the other *Scipio* Brothers, who
had by their vertues no lesse surnames, then of
Asia, and *Affrick*, so loued him, that they caused
his body to be buried in their Sepulcher. So as
Cato, his authoritie being but against his person,
and that answered, with so farre greater then
himselfe, is heerein of no validitie. But now in-
deede my burthen is great; now *Plato* his name
is layde vpon mee, whom I must confesse, of all
Philosophers, I haue euermost esteemed most worthy
of reuerence, and with great reason. Sith of all
Philosophers, he is the most poeticall. Yet if he
will defile the Fountaine, out of which his flow-
ing streames haue proceeded, let vs boldly exa-
mine with what reasons hee did it. First, truly,
a man might maliciously object, that *Plato* being
a Philosopher, was a naturall enemy of Poets:
for indeede, after the Philosophers, had picked
out of the sweete mysteries of Poetrie, the right
discerning true points of knowledge, they forth-
with putting it in method, & making a Schoole
arte of that which the Poets did onely teach, by a
diuine delightfulnes, beginning to spurne at their
guides, like vngratefull Prenchises, were not con-
tent to set vp shops for themselves, but sought by
all

AN APOLOGIE

all meane to discredit their Maisters. VVhich by the force of delight beeing barred them, the lesse they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeede, they found for *Homer*, seauen Citties stroue, who should haue him for their Citizen: where many Citties banished Philosophers, as not fitte members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* verses, many *Athenians* had their lyues saued of the *Siracusians*: when the *Athenians* themselves, thought many Philosophers, vnwoorthie to liue.

Certaine Poets, as *Simonides*, and *Pindarus*, had so preuailed with *Hiero* the first, that of a Tyrant they made him a iust King, where *Plato* could do so little with *Dionysius*, that he himselfe, of a Philosopher, was made a slave. But who should doe thus, I confesse, should require the obiections made against Poets, with like cauillation against Philosophers, as likewise one should doe, that should bid one read *Phadrus*, or *Symposium* in *Plato*, or the discourse of loue in *Plutarch*, and see whether any Poet doe authorize abhominable filthines, as they doe. Againe, a man might aske out of what Common-wealth *Plato* did banish them? insooth, thence where he himselfe alloweth communitie of women: So as be-like, this banishment greye not for effeminate wantonnes, sith little should poetically Sonnets be hurtfull, when a man might haue what wo-
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FOR POETRIE.

man he listed. But I honor philosophicall instructions, and blesse the wits which bred them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to Poetrie.

S. *Paule* himselfe, (who yet for the credite of Poets) alledgeth twise two Poets, & one of them by the name of a Prophet, setteth a watch-word vpon Philosophy, indeede vpon the abuse. So dooth *Plato*, vpon the abuse, not vpon Poetrie. *Plato* found fault, that the Poets of his time, filled the worlde, with wrong opinions of the Gods, making light tales of that vnspotted essence; and therefore, would not haue the youth depraued with such opinions. Heerin may much be said, let this suffice: the Poets did not induce such opinions, but dyd imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testifie, that the very religion of that time, stoode vpon many, and many-fashioned Gods, not taught so by the Poets, but followed, according to their nature of imitation. VVho list, may reade in *Plutarch*, the discourses of *Isis*, and *Osiris*, of the cause why Oracles ceased, of the diuine prouidence: and see, whether the Theologie of that nation, stood not vpon such dreames, which the Poets indeed superstitiously obserued: and truly, (sith they had not the light of Christ,) did much better in it then the Philosophers, who shaking off superstition, brought in Atheisme. *Plato* therefore, (whose authoritie I had much

AN APOLOGIE

rather iustly conſter, then vniuſtly reſiſt,) meant not in general of Poets, in thoſe words of which *Iulius Scaliger* ſaith, *Qua authoritate, barbari quidā, atque hiſpidi, abuti velint, ad Poetas republica exigendos*: but only meant, to driue out thoſe wrong opinions of the Deitie, (whereof now, without further law, Chriſtianity hath taken away all the hurtful beliefe,) perchance (as he thought) no-riſhed by the then eſteemed Poets. And a man neede goe no further then to *Plato* himſelfe, to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giueth high, and rightly diuine commendation to Poetrie. So as *Plato*, baniſhing the abuſe, not the thing, not baniſhing it, but giuing due honor vnto it, ſhall be our Patron, and not our aduerſarie. For indeed I had much rather, (ſith truly I may doe it) ſhew theyr miſtaking of *Plato*, (vnder whoſe Lyonſſkin they would make an Aſſe-like braying againſt Poefie,) thē goe about to ouer-throw his authority, whom the wiſer a man is, the more iuſt cauſe he ſhall find to haue in admiration: eſpecially, ſith he attributeth vnto Poefie, more then my ſelfe doe; namely, to be a very inſpiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit; as in the afore-named Dialogue is apparant.

Of the other ſide, who wold ſhew the honors, haue been by the beſt ſort of iudgemētſ granted them, a whole Sea of examples woulde preſent themſelues. *Alexanders, Caſars, Scipios*, al fauōrers
of

FOR POETRIE.

of Poets. *Lelius*, called the Romane *Socrates*, him selfe a Poet: so as part of *Heautontimorumenon* in *Terence*, was supposed to be made by him. And even the Greek *Socrates*, whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the onely wise man, is sayde to haue spent part of his old time, in putting *Esops* fables into verses. And therefore, full euill should it become his scholler *Plato*, to put such words in his Masters mouth, against Poets. But what need more? *Aristotle* writes the Arte of Poesie: and why if it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vse to be gathered of the, and how if they should not be read? And who reades *Plutarchs* eyther historie or philosophy, shall finde, hee trymmeth both theyr garments, with gards of Poesie. But I list not to defend Poesie, with the helpe of her vnderling, Historiography. Let it suffice, that it is a fit soyle for prayse to dwell vpon: and what dispraise may set vpon it, is eyther easily buer-come, or transformed into iust commendation. So that, sith the excellencies of it, may be so easily, and so iustly confirmed, & the low-creeping objections, so soone troden downe; it not being an Art of lyes, but of true doctrine: not of effeminate-nes, but of notable stirring of courage: not of abusing mans witte, but of strengthening mans wit: not banished, but honored by *Plato*: let vs rather plant more Laurels, for to engarland our Poets heads, (which honor of beeing laureat, as besides the, onely tryumphant Captaines weare,

AN APOLOGIE

is a sufficient authority, to shewe the price they ought to be had in,) then suffer the ill-fauouring breath of such wrong-speakers, once to blowe vpon the cleere springs of Poesie.

But sith I haue runne so long a careere in this matter, me thinks, before I giue my penne a full stop, it shalbe but a little more lost time, to inquire, why England, (the Mother of excellent mindes,) should bee growne so hard a step-mother to Poets, vwho certainly in wit ought to passe all other: sith all onely proceedeth frō their wit, being indeede makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime,

Musa mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso. 11
 Sweete Poesie, that hath aunciently had Kings, Emperors, Senators, great Captaines, such, as besides a thousand others, *Dauid, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus*, not onely to fauour Poets, but to be Poets. And of our neerer times, can present for her Patrons, a *Robert*, king of Sicil, the great king *Francis* of France, king *James* of Scotland. Such Cardinals as *Bembus*, and *Bibiena*. Such famous Preachers & Teachers, as *Beza* and *Melancthon*. So learned Philosophers, as *Fracastorius* and *Scaliger*. So great Orators, as *Pontanius* & *Muretus*. So piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*. So graue Counsellors, as besides many, but before all, that *Hospitall* of Fraunce: then whom, (I thinke) that Realme neuer brought forth a more accomplished iudgement: more firmly builded vpon vertue.

FOR POETRIE.

vertue. I say these, with numbers of others, not onely to read others Poesies, but to poetise for others reading, that Poesie thus embraced in all other places, should onely finde in our time, a hard welcome in England; I thinke the very earth lamenteth it, and therefore decketh our Soyle with fewer Laurels then it was accustomed. For heretofore, Poets haue in England also flourished, And which is to be noted, even in those times, when the trumpet of *Mars* did sounde loudst. And now, that an ouer-faint quietnes should seeme to strew the house for Poets, they are almost in as good reputation, as the *Mountebanks* at *Venice*. Truly even that, as of the one side, it giueth great praise to Poesie, which like *Venus*, (but to better purpose,) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, then enioy the homelie quiet of *Vulcan*: so serues it for a peece of a reason, why they are lesse gratefull to idle England, which now can scarce endure the payne of a pen. Vpon this, necessarily followeth, that base men, with seruile wits vndertake it: who think it enough, if they can be rewarded of the Printer. And so as *Epaminondas* is sayd, with the honor of his vertue, to haue made an office; by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected: so these, no more but setting their names to it, by their owne disgracefulnes, disgrace the most gracefull Poesie. For now, as if all the Muses were gotte with childe, to bring

AN APOLOGIE

fourth bastard Poets, without any commission;
 they doe poste ouer the banckes of *Helicon*, tyll
 they make the readers more weary then Post-
 horses: while in the meane tyme, they
Quis meliore lato finxit praecordia Titan,
 are better content, to suppress the out-flowing
 of their wit, then by publishing them, to bee ac-
 counted Knights of the same order. But I, that
 before euer I durst aspire vnto the dignitie, am
 admitted into the company of the Paper-blur-
 rers, doe finde the very true cause of our wanting
 estimation, is want of desert: taking vpon vs to
 be Poets, in despite of *Pallas*. Nowe, wherein
 we want desert, were a thanke-worthy labour
 to expresse: but if I knew, I should haue men-
 ded my selfe. But I, as I neuer desired the title,
 so haue I neglected the meanes to come by it.
 Onely ouer-masted by some thoughts, I yeelded
 an inckie tribute vnto them. Mary, they that
 delight in Poetrie it selfe, should seeke to knowe
 what they doe, and how they doe; and especial-
 ly, looke themselues in an vnflattering Glasse of
 reason, if they bee inclinable vnto it. For Poe-
 sic, must not be drawne by the eares, it must bee
 gently led, or rather, it must lead. Which was
 partly the cause, that made the auncient-learned
 affirme, it was a diuine gift, and no humaine skill:
 sith all other knowledges, lie ready for any that
 hath strength of witte. A Poet, no industrie can
 make, if his owne *Genius* bee not carried vnto it:
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FOR POETRIE.

and therefore is it an old Prouerbe, *Orator fit; Poeta nascitur*. Yet confesse I alwayes, that as the fertilest ground must bee manured, so must the highest flying wit, haue a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus*, they say, both in this, and in other, hath three wings, to beare it selfe vp into the ayre of due commendation: that is, *Arte*, *Imitation*, and *Exercise*. But these, neyther artificiall rules, nor imitative patternes, we much cumber our selues withall. Exercise indeede wee doe, but that, very fore-backwardly: for where we should exercise to know, wee exercise as hauing knowne: and so is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begottē by knowledge. For, there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by wordes, and words to expresse the matter, in neyther, wee vse *Arte*, or *Imitation*, rightly. Our matter is *Quodlibet* indeed, though wrongly perfourming *Ouids* verse:

(Quicquid conabor discere versaserit:) O neuer marshalling it into an assured rancke, that almost the readers cannot tell where to finde themselves.

Chaucer, vndoubtedly did excellently in hys *Troilus* and *Cressida*; of whom, truly I know not, whether to meruaile more, either that he in that mistie time, could see so clearly, or that wee in this cleare age, walke so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fitte to be forgiven, in so reuerent antiquity.

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AN APOLOGIE

Magistrates, meetely furnished of beautiful parts: and in the Earle of Surries *Liricks*, many things tastig of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble minde. The *Sheapheards Kalender*, hath much Poetrie in his Eglogues: indeede worthy the reading if I be not deceiued. That same framing of his stile, to an old rustick language, I dare not alowe, sith neyther *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgill* in Latine, nor *Sanazar* in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, doe I not remember to haue seene but fewe, (to speake boldely) printed, that haue poetick sinnewes in them: for prooffe whereof, let but most of the verses bee put in Prose, and then aske the meaning; and it will be found, that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first, what should be at the last: which becomes a confused masse of words, with a tingling sound of ryme, barely accompanied with reason.

Our Tragedies, and Comedies, (not without cause cried out against,) obseruing rules, neyther of honest ciuilitie, nor of skilfull Poetrie, excepting *Gorboduck*, (again, I say, of those that I haue seene,) which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well sounding Phrases, clyming to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach; and so obtayneth the very end of Poetis: yet in troth it is very defective in the circumstances; which grieueth mee, because it might

FOR POETRIE.

might not remaine as an exact model of all Tragedies. For it is faulty both in place, & time, the two necessary companions of all corporall actions. For where the stage should alwaies represent but one place, and the vttermost time presupposed in it, should be, both by *Aristotles* precept, and common reason, but one day: there is both many dayes, and many places, inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduck*, how much more in al the rest? where you shal haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affrick* of the other, & so many other vnder-kingdoms, that the Player, when he cometh in, must euer begin with telling where he is: or els, the tale wil not be conceiued. Now ye shal haue three Ladies, walke to gather flowers, & then wee must beleeeue the stage to be a Garden. By & by, we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, and then wee are to blame, if we accept it not for a Rock.

Vpon the backe of that, comes out a hidious Monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders, are bounde to take it for a Caue. VVhile in the meane-time, two Armies flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, & then what harde heart wil not receiue it for a pitched fieelde? Now, of time they are much more liberall, for ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in loue. After many trauerces, she is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in loue, & is ready to get another child, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is

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AN APOLOGIE

in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught, and all auncient examples iustified: and at this day, the ordinary Players in Italie, wil not erre in. Yet wil some bring in an example of *Eunuchus* in *Terence*, that cōtaineth matter of two dayes, yet far short of twenty yeeres. True it is, and so was it to be playd in two daies, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though *Plautus* hath in one place done amisse, let vs hit with him, and not misse with him. But they wil say, how then shal we set forth a story, which containeth both many places, & many times? And doe they not knowe, that a Tragedie is tied to the lawes of Poesie, and not of Historie? not bound to follow the storie, but hauing liberty, either to faine a quite newe matter, or to frame the history, to the most tragicall conueniencie. Againe, many things may be told, which cannot be shewed, if they knowe the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speake, (though I am heere) of *Peru*, and in speech, digresse from that, to the discription of *Calicut*: but in action, I cannot represent it without *Parolet's* horse: and so was the manner the Auncients tooke, by some *Nuncius*, to recount thinges done in former time, or other place. Lastly, if they wil represent an history, they must not (as *Horace* saith) beginne *Ab ovo*: but they must come to the principall poynt of that one action, which they wil represent. By example this wil be best expressed. I haue a story of young *Polidorus*, deliuered
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FOR POETRIE.

for safeties sake, with great riches, by his Father *Priamus*, to *Polimnestor* king of *Thrace*, in the Trojan war time: Hee after some yeeres, hearing the ouer-throwe of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his owne, murthereth the child: the body of the child is taken vp by *Hecuba*, shee the same day, findeth a slight to bee reuenged most cruelly of the Tyrant: where nowe would one of our Tragedy writers begin, but with the deliury of the childe? Then should he sayle ouer into *Thrace*, & so spend I know not how many yeeres, and trauaile numbers of places. But where dooth *Enripides*? Euen with the finding of the body, leauing the rest to be tolde by the spirit of *Polidorus*. This need no further to be enlarged, the dullest wit may conceiue it. But besides these grosse absurdities, how all theyr Playes be neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies: mingling Kings & Clownes, not because the matter so carrieth it: but thrust in Clownes by head & shoulders, to play a part in maiestticall matters, with neither decencie, nor discretion. So as neither the admiration & commiseration, nor the right sportfulnes, is by their mungrell Tragy-comedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did some-what so, but that is a thing recoursted with space of time, not represented in one moment: & I knowe, the Auncients haue one or two examples of Tragy-comedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrio*: But if we marke them well, we shall find, that they neuer, or very daintily, match Horne-pypes and Funeralls.

AN APOLOGIE

So falleth it out, that hauing indeed no right Comedy, in that comicall part of our Tragedy, wee haue nothing but scurrility, vnwoorthy of any chaste eares: or some extreame shew of doltishnes, indeed fit to lift vp a loude laughter, and nothing els: where the whole tract of a Comedy, shoulde be full of delight, as the Tragedy shoulde be still maintained, in a well raised admiration. But our Comedians, thinke there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight: as though delight should be the cause of laughter, but well may one thing breed both together: nay, rather in themselves, they haue as it were, a kind of contrarietie: for delight we scarcely doe, but in things that haue a conueniencie to our selues, or to the generall nature: laughter, almost euer commeth, of things most disproportioned to our selues, and nature. Delight hath a ioy in it, either permanent, or present. Laughter, hath onely a scornful tickling.

For example, we are rauished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are far from being moued to laughter. VVee laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. VVee delight in good chaunces, we laugh at mischaunces; we delight to heare the happines of our friends, or Country; at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh; wee shall contrarily laugh sometimes, to finde a matter quite mistaken, & goe
downe

FOR POETRIE.

downe the hill agaynst the byas, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of the, one shalbe hartely sorry, yet he cannot chuse but laugh; & so is rather pained, then delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together, for as in *Alexanders* picture vvell set out, wee delight without laughter, & in twenty mad Anticks we laugh without delight: so in *Hercules*, painted with his great beard, and furious countenance, in a womans attire, spinning at *Omphales* commaundement, it breedeth both delight and laughter. For the representing of so strange a power in loue, procureth delight: and the scornefulnes of the action, stirreth laughter. But I speake to this purpose, that all the end of the comicall part, bee not vpon such scornfull matters, as stirreth laughter onely: but mixt with it, that delightful teaching which is the end of Poesie. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainely by *Aristotle*, is, that they styrre laughter in sinfull things; which are rather execrable then ridiculous: or in miserable, which are rather to be pittied then scorned. For what is it to make folkes gape at a wretched Begger, or a beggerly Clowne? or against lawe of hospitallity, to iest at straungers, because they speake not English so well as wee doe? what doe we learne, sith it is certaine

(Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,)

Quā quod ridiculos homines facit. —————

But rather a busy louing Courtier: a hartles threat-
ning

A N APOLOGIE

ning *Thraso*. A selfe-wise-seeming schoolemaster. A
a wry-transformed Traueller. These, if wee sawe
walke in stage names, which wee play naturally,
therein were delightfull laughter, and teaching
delightfulness: as in the other, the Tragedies of
Buchanan, doe iustly bring forth a diuine admirati-
on. But I haue lauished out too many wordes of
this play matter. I doe it because as they are excel-
ling parts of Poesie, so is there none so much vsed
in England, & none can be more pittifully abused.
VVhich like an vnmannery Daughter, shewing
a bad education, causeth her mother Poesies ho-
nesty, to bee called in question. Other sorts of Po-
etry almost haue we none, but that Lyricall kind of
Songs and Sonnets: which, Lord, if he gaue vs so
good mindes, how well it might be imployed, and
with howe heavenly fruite, both priuate and pub-
lique, in singing the prayses of the immortall beau-
ty: the immortall goodnes of that God, who gy-
ueth vs hands to write, and wits to conceiue, of
which we might well want words, but neuer mat-
ter, of which, we could turne our eies to nothing,
but we should euer haue new budding occasions.
But truely many of such writings, as come vnder
the banner of vnreliftable loue, if I were a Mistres,
would neuer perswade mee they were in loue: so
coldely they apply fiery speeches, as men that had
rather red Louers writings; and so caught vp cer-
taine swelling phrases, which hang together, like
a man which once tolde mee, the winde was at
North,

FOR POETRIE.

North, VVest, and by South, because he would be sure to name windes enovve: then that in truth they feele those passions, which easily (as I think) may be bewrayed, by that same forciblenes, or *Energia*, (as the Greekes cal it) of the writer. But let this bee a sufficient, though short note, that wee misse the right vse of the materiall point of Poesie.

Now, for the out-side of it, which is words, or (as I may tearme it) *Diction*, it is euē well worse. So is that honny-flowing Matron Eloquence, apparelled, or rather disguised, in a Curtizan-like painted affectation: one time with so farre fette words, that may seeme Monsters: but must seeme straungers to any poore English man. Another tyme, with coursing of a Letter, as if they were bound to followe the method of a Dictionary: an other tyme, with figures and flowers, extreamelie winter-starued. But I would this fault were only peculier to Versifiers, and had not as large possession among Prose-printers; and, (which is to be meruailed) among many Schollers; and, (which is to be pittied) among some Preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold, to wish in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tullie*, & *Demosthines*, (most worthy to be imitated,) did not so much keep, *Nizolian* Paper-bookes of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation (as it were) deuoure them whole, and make them wholly theirs: For nowe they

AN APOLOGIE

they cast Sugar and Spice, vpon euery dish that is serued to the table; Like those Indians, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit & naturall place of the eares, but they will thrust Jewels through their nose, and lippes because they will be sure to be fine.

Tullie, when he was to driue out *Cateline*, as it were with a Thunder-bolt of eloquence, often vsed that figure of repition, *Vinit, vinit? imo in Senatum venit &c.* Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, hee would haue his words (as it were) double out of his mouth: and so doe that artificially, which we see men doe in choller naturally. And wee, hauing noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometime to a familier Epistle, when it were to too much choller to be chollerick. Now for similitudes, in certaine printed discourses, I thinke all Herbarists, all stories of Beasts, Foules, and Fishes, are rifled vp, that they come in multitudes, to waite vpon any of our conceits; which certainly is as absurd a surfet to the eares, as is possible: for the force of a similitude, not being to prooue any thing to a contrary Disputer, but onely to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prating: rather ouer-swaying the memory from the purpose wher-to they were applyed, then any whit informing the iudgement, already eyther satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied. For my part, I doe not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Crassus*, the great fore-fathers

FOR POETRIE.

fathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testifieth of them,) pretended not to know Arte, the other, not to set by it: because with a playne sensiblenes, they might win credit of popular eares: which credit, is the neereſt ſtep to perſwaſion: which perſwaſion, is the chiefe marke of Oratory; I doe not doubt (I ſay) but that they vſed theſe tracks very ſparingly, which who doth generally vſe, any man may ſee doth daunce to his owne muſick: and ſo be noted by the audience, more careful to ſpeake curiouſly, then to ſpeake truly.

Vndoubtedly, (at leaſt to my opinion vndoubtedly,) I haue found in diuers ſmally learned Courtiers, a more ſounde ſtile, then in ſome profeſſors of learning: of which I can geſſe no other cauſe, but that the Courtier following that which by praſtiſe hee findeth fitteſt to nature, therein, (though he know it not,) doth according to Art, though not by Art: where the other, vſing Art to ſhew Art, and not to hide Art, (as in theſe caſes he ſhould doe) flyeth from nature, and indeede abuſeth Art.

But what? me thinks I deſerue to be pounded, for ſtraying from Poetry to Oratorie: but both haue ſuch an affinity in this wordiſh conſideration, that I thinke this digreſſion, will make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderſtanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach Poets howe they ſhould doe, but onely finding my ſelfe ſick among
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AN APOLOGIE

the rest, to shewe some one or two spots of the common infection, growne among the most part of VVriters: that acknowledging our selues somewhat awry, we may bend to the right vse both of matter and manner; whereto our language giueth vs great occasion, beeing indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know, some will say it is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say it wanteth Grammer. Nay truly, it hath that prayse, that it wanteth not Grammer: for Grammer it might haue, but it needes it not; beeing so easie of it selfe, & so voyd of those cumbersome differences of Cases, Genders, Moodes, and Tenses, which I thinke was a peece of the Tower of *Babilons* curse, that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother-tongue. But for the vttering sweetly, and properly the conceits of the minde, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy, in compositions of two or three words together, neere the Greek; far beyond the Latine: which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one Auncient, the other Moderne: the Auncient marked the quantitie of each silable, and according to that, framed his verse: the Moderne, obseruing onely number, (with some regarde of the accent,) the chiefe life of it, standeth in that lyke
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FOR POETRIE.

founding of the words, which wee call Ryme. Whether of these be the most excellent, would beare many speeches. The Auncient, (no doubt) more fit for Musick, both words and tune observing quantity, and more fit liuely to expresse diuers passions, by the low and lofty sounde of the well-weyed silable. The latter likewise, with hys Ryme, striketh a certaine musick to the eare: and in fine, sith it dooth delight, though by another way, it obtaines the same purpose: there beeing in eyther sweetnes, and wanting in neither maiestie. Truly the English, before any other vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts: for, for the Auncient, the Italian is so full of Vowels, that it must euer be cūbred with *Elisions*. The Dutch, so of the other side with Cōsonants, that they cannot yeeld the sweet slyding, fit for a Verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word, that hath his accent in the last silable, sauing two, called *Antepenultima*, and little more hath the Spanish: and therefore, very gracelesly may they vse *Dactiles*. The English is subiect to none of these defects.

Nowe, for the ryme, though wee doe not obserue quantity, yet wee obserue the accent very precisely: which other languages, eyther cannot doe, or will not doe so absolutely. That *Cesura*, or breathing place in the middest of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish haue, the French, and we, neuer almost fayle of. Lastly, euen the very ryme it selfe, the Italian cannot put in the last silable,

AN APOLOGIE

ble, by the French named the Masculine ryme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the Female; or the next before that, which the Italians terme *Sdrucciola*. The example of the former, is *Buono Suono*, of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina Semina*. The French, of the other side, hath both the Male, as *Bon, Son*, and the Female, as *Plaise Taise*. But the *Sdrucciola*, hee hath not: where the English hath all three, as *Due, True, Father, Rather, Motion, Potion*; with much more which might be sayd, but that I finde already, the triflingnes of this discourse, is much too much enlarged. So that sith the euer-praise-worthy Poesie, is full of vertue-breeding delightfulnes, and voyde of no gyfte, that ought to be in the noble name of learning: sith the blames laid against it, are either false, or feeble: with the cause why it is not esteemed in Englande, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets: sith lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor Poesie, and to bee honored by Poesie, I coniure you all, that haue had the euill lucke to reade this incke-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nyne Muses, no more to scorne the sacred misteries of Poesie: no more to laugh at the name of Poets, as though they were next inheritours to Fooles: no more to iest at the reuerent title of a Rymer: but to belecue with *Aristotle*, that they were the auncient Treasurers, of the Græcians Diuinity. To belecue with *Bembus*, that they were first bringers in of all ciuilitie. To beleue with *Scaliger*,
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FOR POETRIE

that no Philosophers precepts can sponser if you an honest man, then the reading of *Virgil*, beleeue with *Clauferius*, the Translator of *Cervantes* that it pleased the heauenly Deitie, by *Hesiod* and *Homer*, vnder the vayle of fables, to giue vs all knowledge, Logick, Rethorick, Philosophy, naturall, and morrall: and *Quintus*: To beleeue with me, that there are many misteries contained in Poetrie, which of purpose were written darkely, lest by prophane wits, it should bee abused. To beleeue with *Landin*, that they are so beloved of the Gods, that whatsoeuer they write, proceeds of a diuine fury. Lastly, to beleeue themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal, by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shal florish in the Printers shoppes; thus doing, you shall be many a poetickall Preface; thus doing, you shall be most fayre, most rich, most wise, most a shall dwell vpon Superlatiues. Thus do though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculeus proles*:

Si quid mea carmina possunt.

Thus doing, your soule shal be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if, (fie of such a but) you be borne so neere the dull making *Cataphract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot heare the Planck-like Musick of Poetrie, if you haue so earth-creeeping a mind, that it cannot lift it selfe vp, to looke to the sky of Poetry: or rather, by a certaine rusti-

AN APOLOGIE

idaine, will become such a Mome, as to be
of Poetry: then, though I will not wish
you, the Asses eares of *Midus*, nor to bee dri-
ven by a Poets verses, (as *Bubonax* was) to hang
himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as it is sayd to be
doone in Ireland: yet thus much curse I must send
you, in the behalfe of all Poets, that while you
live, you live in loue, and neuer get fauour, for
lackingskill of a *Sonnet*: and when you die, your
memory die from the earth, for want of an *Epi-*

FINIS



AN APOLOGIE.

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| 1. Or rather a retraction. | 3. Or rather a recantation. |
| 3. Or rather a recapitulation. | 4. Or rather a replication. |
| 5. Or rather an examination. | 6. Or rather an accusation. |
| 7. Or rather an explication. | 8. Or rather an exhortation. |
| 9. Or rather a consideration. | 10. Or rather a confirmation. |
| 11. Or rather all of them. | 12. Or rather none of them. |



When I had finished the precedent pamphlet, & in mine own fantasie very sufficiently euacuated my heade of suche homely stufte, of which it might seeme it was very full

charged & shewed how litle conceit or opinion I had of mine owne ability, to handle stately matters, by chusing so mean a subiect to discharge my selfe vpon: I thought now to rest me a while, & to gather some strength, by feeding on some finer meates, & making some cullisses and restoratiues for my selfe out of some other mens kitchins, & not open this vaine any more. But I laboured al in vain to stop such a vaine: for certain people of the nature of those that first dwelt in the Canaries, haue forced me to a further labour. For whether it were ouer-watching my selfe a primero, or eating too much venison, which they say is a verie melancholie meate: I

Canaries were so called, of the dogs that were found in them.

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